

The 'Golden Wani' nightclub

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Summary: Kid has one dream: working together with his best friend in a garage -a simple dream, but life isn't that easy. He had come a long way to reach it and the dark and shady streets lead him into the arms of the owner of the famous nightclub - strip-club and brothel - he finds out that he's rather good at this job and starts liking it.

The 'Golden Wani' nightclub

THE 'GOLDEN WANI' NIGHTCLUB

Exhausted after his run to where he needed to be, he passed by the man blocking most of the doorway. He noted the open shirt revealing some ink on his upper body. Crimson never asked what that sign meant, but to be honest, he didn't even care enough to ask.

"Great day isn't it, One? All bones intact?"

He got only a grunt in response, but he didn't expect anything else anyway. That guy wasn't really talkative after all and he was getting late himself.

"Oi, Crimson! You're running late again, eh?"

"Shut it, Pyro. You got my list?"

The freckled man who greeted him picked up a piece of paper, holding it out to him. When he tried to snatch it away, though, he simply pulled his arm back and the redhead growled loudly at him.

"Nothing is for free. You should know that, Crimson. You know what I charge for playing your secretary."

He rolled his eyes once, but grabbed the other by his hip with a firm grip.

"You are really fucked up in your pretty head, Pyro."

And slipped him a fresh package of cigarettes. Well yes of course he knew the drill, it wasn't the first time for him after all.

"Don't kill all of them today, addict-head."

His gaze flickered down to the cigarettes in the other's hand. A soft and warm laugh bubbled out of the younger man and he himself slipped the paper into the back pocket of the redhead's tight fitting jeans. Then he pressed his lips against the other's cheek.

"Erg! You used that shitty lip-gloss again!"

With that said and done, he marched up the stairs to his room. He shot a quick look at the paper on his way up there. Just a couple again. Scrunching up his once broken nose, he grumbled. His boss really had meant it, when he'd said that he needed to go slow, and that his incoming clients would be watched.

Crimson already felt the itching under his fingers and the craving deep inside of him, so he hastened his step. Taking two at a time, he reached the top of the stairs and went to his room, slipping into it and then into the bathroom next to the door just as quickly. The outfit for today was laid out next to the shower and he rolled his eyes. His first appointment was in an hour, so he had more than enough time to have everything done and to get himself well prepared.

A lap dance, and a blowjob after that.

He could manage that easily. It would be a quiet day for him, and somehow he was glad for that as well. He even wished the last one would arrive earlier. Something was coming, he could feel it in his bones. Maybe not today, but soon. That premonition made his insides itch even more.

Getting ready for his client, he put on his usual makeup and his prepared outfit. The silky red corset snuggled perfectly against his pale skin and the tight fitting G-string didn't leave anything for one's imagination. He almost got hard when he looked into the mirror.

"Damn... I would fuck myself if I could... And if I had enough money for it."

He laughed, but shook his head, and looking up upon hearing the knocking on the door. Smirking slightly at his own reflection, he left the bathroom and opened it.

And so it began again, with the itching growing stronger under his skin. He knew he needed that right now. He needed the attention he got from his clients.

"_Whore! You should be ashamed of yourself, selling that sinful dirty body of yours like that! Shame on you!_"

Crimson shook his head once and simply watched the man in front of him with a lustful gaze, guiding him into the dimly lit room.

"Hello, handsome. I've been waiting for you."

Stepping aside, he let the noticeably older man enter and get rid of his trench coat and his hat.

"Then we shouldn't waste any more time, hm? That outfit suits you so fine, Crimson."

Painted lips pulled up into a slight teasing smirk, and a wicked little tongue ran slowly over them. Crimson walked towards his stereo and switched it on. A soft tune filled the room immediately and the older man sat down in the armless leather chair. The dance started slow. Crimson remained next to the stereo at first, up until the music grew faster. Having kept his back to his client this far, he only got to see the greedy observation of his well-built body when he turned around. Like a wild animal stalking his prey, he inched closer and closer. He was swaying his hips, always in synch with the beat of the music. It felt so natural, and even looked it. He was good, no...

"...perfect. You're so perfect, Crimson! You just know how to move that hot body of yours."

Yes, he knew that quite well, how wouldn't he after all those years doing this job? But for him it was more than just a job. He needed the money, yes. He also needed this. The rush of the adrenaline pumping through his veins, the attention. He was addicted to it, just like the freckled man in the hall was. Just like most of the others here. The Golden Wani was a known nightclub and he was part of it.

"Thanks for the praise."

Crimson stroked along a cheek, the white stubble there growing into a nicely trimmed beard at the chin and jawline. By then the music had ended, a new song starting to play in the background.

"Now... I think you're totally... Up... For the main event for tonight hm?"

He pressed his knee against the bulge forming under the light brown pants of the man in front of him. Slowly, he opened the mustard coloured dress shirt and stroked along the shockingly firm muscles.

"Always a surprise how fit you are, Mr. Silvers,"

He all but purred as he sank onto his knees, knowingly opening the slacks and was greeted by the others already hard cock springing up.

"Naughty aren't we, old man? Ready to go on command?"

"Sadly, I don't have so much time today for you to play with me, Crimson."

So he had skipped the underwear because it's faster that way? Old man really was thirsty, it seemed. But he wasn't the only one. Crimson was hungry too, so he leaned forward and licked along the underside of the slightly sweaty dick. A few drops of precum were already

waiting to slip down from the tip, and Crimson closed his painted lips around it. His tongue flicked over it teasingly. The salty liquid was bitter and thick, but he was used to it by now. He didn't even _have _a gag reflex anymore to kick in. With ease, he moved his head up and down, sucking on the hard cock. He could feel it pulsing in his mouth. It wasn't going to be long. Soon. Crimson grabbed the other's soft sack and massaged it with his right hand, while he stroked along the base with his left. Suddenly, he felt a firm grip in his hair and made a face around the shaft in his mouth, tempted to bite down on it. Slowly, he retreat from the demanding dick in front of him.

“Why did you stop?”

“No hands. You know the drill, Silvers!”

Crimson almost growled and his brown eyes seemed to have a slight golden tint that might have been from the light, or the angle the other was looking at him from.

“Ah sure. Sorry.”

He let go of the red hair and those plump lips were around his erection again. He worked it with even more effort, bobbing his head up and down, till he could feel the sack tighten in his grip. With a smirk and a louder pop due to the sucking he let go of it. Pumping his hand up and down in a faster motion he could finally even hear the other moaning his stage name.

“Crimson... oh yes... here it comes!”

And that was it. In a few thick sprouts, he came across Crimson's face, even getting some in his hair to the dislike of the redhead. After licking and sucking him clean, he tucked him away again and slowly got up on his black plateaus. The old man was still panting and watching the rather unbelievable sexy man between his legs cleaning his face. Slowly, Silvers stood up again, straightened out his pants and buttoned up his shirt.

“Thanks for the service today.”

He got his coat and his hat back on, turning towards the door.

“Have a nice evening, Silvers. Hope to see you soon again.”

The money on the table had a nice tip, too. He knew it was also kind of an apology for the hair gripping earlier - the man was a gentleman, after all and Crimson enjoyed serving him. He was a pleasant client. He also had quite a few others who had been worse.

He went back into the bathroom to clean his face for real and to redo his make up. Narrowing his eyes slightly, he got rid of the sperm in his hair, something he really hated about giving head. And the taste in his mouth. Looking at his appointment sheet, he grinned. One done, only two to go. Unless he got an extra call.

He had Fortuna on his side. The day went by without any extra calls, and after the third client he could go. His face scrunched up a

little when he moved slightly wrong - his last client had been a bit too enthusiastic and had ridden him a bit too wild for his liking. He just had snapped his hips wrong when the guy had changed the rhythm all of a sudden. That's why he hated to top from the bottom mostly - he loved to be the one in control.

The night had barely started and he could head home already. He still remained in front of the club. It had gotten more crowded by now and he exchanged a short glance with Pyro at the bar. Pulling a cigarette out, he searched for his lighter.

“God fucking damn!”

He knew he had it earlier this under his breath he suddenly had a hand in front of his face. He looked up shortly and grinned around the cig in his mouth.

“You missing something, pretty?”

“You fucker! you stole my zippo again! and! it's half empty! Are you drinking that shit or what? The hell are you doing with all the gasoline?”

Pyro just grinned widely at him and lit up his own cigarette, taking a needy pull from it and huffing out smoke.

“Nah! But needed it for the candles. I'm in the dark room, now. The Phoenix is back in town again and booked me for the whole night!”

His happy beaming even grew.

“When that continues he buys you out.”

The freckled man grinned even wider, if that was possible. Somehow Crimson had never really liked that shit-eating grin of his in that kind of context. He would miss him dearly.

“I hope so! even if I'd miss you then for sure, my sweet grumpy tulip.”

“Fuck you,”

Crimson growled and flipped him the finger, making the other laugh loudly.

“I've got others to do that for me. You should know so.”

With that they fist-bumped before Crimson headed home. Luckily, the apartment complex wasn't that far away. His hip hurt maybe a bit too much right now and he had to limp slightly. He hoped that it'd be better by tomorrow. When he finally pushed the key in the hole, he was greeted with the soft buzzing of the TV and the smell of Chinese take out.

“Am home!”

“Hurry up or you'll miss the start of American Horror Story, Kid!”

Was the response, and he simply rolled his eyes. The redhead smirked and got rid of his other self just like he did with his jacket and shoes.

“You're streaming it, so just wait a fucking second, Killer!”

Being at home had its perks. He was completely normal. If one would leave out the fact that he was a hooker most of the night normally.

“Crimson” was the stage name by which he was known quite well. Always hungry for and good at what he was doing with his mouth and with his whole body.

“Eustass Kid” was the name his parents had given him twenty-three years ago. High school dropout and runaway. He lived with three other guys in a nice but cheap apartment. One of his hobbies being tinkering with some cars or other stuff like that. The other would be watching series and working.

The two had nothing in common. Well, mostly nothing. Except that those two different people were, in fact, just one. Him.

When he was at the club, the Golden Wani, he was Crimson. When he was at home with his three best and only friends, he was just Kid. They all knew what he did, and even if his best friend wasn't quite okay with it, none of them would ever interfere with his life. He wouldn't allow that ever again.

The storm, the premonition which had caused the itching to worsen came a few weeks later. That was the day his life changed so much, it felt like he jumped on a roller coaster. It all began with that one change to his schedule .

"Please, Crimson! I really need you! Dragonboy bailed out on me last minute! He has an all-nighter going on with his sweet little girl. I need someone to help me with it! I can't fucking do it alone and I already oked it with Wani."

Big brown eyes looking pleadingly up at him and his walls began to crumble under that puppy-dog gaze. He hated it when Pyro pulled that shit. He was a tough guy, but when his colleague looked at him like that he couldn't resist. Annoying and oh too tempting at the same time. He just knew too damn well how to wrap him around his pinky. God fucking dammit.

"Fucking fine. I'm going to do it, okay? Happy now, you fucking manipulative son of an asshole? God-fucking-dammit."

Pyro stuck his tongue out at him, but grinned in his little sadistic way, which made Crimson's skin crawl all the time. Fucking damn, what had he gotten himself into this time? Why couldn't he just say no to this ass? Okay, fine, he was the only one of his colleagues with whom he got along quite well. Still, he wanted to strangle him from time to time. Like right now. Ruffling his red hair up, he rolled his eyes.

"Then tell Wani that I'll do it, but only if my schedule doesn't suffer from it! I still have a few appointments and I'm so not gonna

skip 'em!"

"You so thirsty and needy again? Yeah, yeah... I got it, Crimson! Thank you! I owe you big time!"

Crimson just rolled his eyes and shrugged. He knew the other kept to his word, so he was sure the younger would really owe him something. So he just followed him into the dressing room to get his outfit. Stage. He rarely did that anymore. At another club, where he worked before the 'Golden Wani', he had only stripped for, but the attention hadn't been enough for him. The redhead needed more. But he had to admit, he always liked watching Pyro working the pole and missed that a bit too.

"Is your Phoenix coming too or not?"

Well okay, the giggling was a good enough hint, and even if it wasn't, the wide grin gave him away. So the other's favorite was coming to see him dance. He felt a sting of jealousy thinking about that. He would love to have a favorite as well. Most of the times now Crimson was happy to even have clients. Mostly after an accident with one of the metal doors, which had luckily only broken his nose.

"Yeah, that's why I need you to be honest. I want to give him quite the show, since he was such a good bird last time we had a session. He worked really hard for that reward, so... he asked for a nice, sexy show."

The redhead just shrugged and went through the clothes, coming up with his usual outfit, but Pyro snatched it away, hanging it back again. He was confused, but the other just got a hold of his hand and pulled him away.

"No... we're doing something special! I need you to look extra hot and tempting! So, I got you a new outfit. Praise me, because I know how to get this sexy body of yours right in the spotlight."

And again he could do nothing but roll his eyes at that. Somehow the other was even more bouncy and jumping around, as he handed the new clothes over. The look on his face must have given him away, because Pyro started to laugh his sexy ass off and shook his head slightly.

"Hey... it was either that or the Native American. I think the Sheriff does suit you better, yeah? Feathers wouldn't really work on you and your sexy red hair."

"Fucking dammit. Why did I agree to your bullshit anyway?"

The other blinked at him owlishly and tilted his head to one side innocently. Innocent his ass! The man was the devil! He was tempting, he was sexy, he was sweet and caring most of the time and he was good to share a laugh with. He really was a walking sin. Crimson sighed and shook his head a couple of times to get all the pictures out of it. He didn't need a hard on when he gets out on the stage, just picturing how he wanted to bent the younger over and do things to him...

Fuck. There went his attempt to keep it down for today.

"You know... I knew a pretty good doctor, maybe he can help you with your fucking massive libido. Your sex drive can be hella frightening!"

Pyro laughed softly, stroking through Crimson's red hair and leaned his forehead against his shoulder. Crimson was tempted to press his painted lips against the soft looking ones of the younger man in front of him. Slowly, he wrapped his arms around his slim waist, pulling him against his chest only to be greeted by the soft scent of smoke which always surrounded the shorter one.

He just needed a moment to collect himself again, so he won't do anything he might regret later. He really need to get his mind straight right now.

"When's the main event again?"

"11:30 pm."

The answer was a soft puff of air against his bare neck and that alone made him gulp down harder again, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down. Not good. That was definitely not good. So not good. He had to squint his caramel tinted eyes close and breathe evenly in and out to calm himself down again.

"Pyro... you're totally not helping me calm down, you know? If you continue I'm gonna end up fucking you against the closest wall."

His voice was deep and rasping, as he told the other his more than potential problem, but all it did was earning him an even louder laugh. Sometimes he hated the fucker in front of him. Growling, he leaned down and bit into the crook of his neck teasingly before he got his arms off of the younger and stepped back. The dark brown eyes watched him with a teasing gleam all the while.

He really was the devil. He had to be. Crimson couldn't find any other explanation. They were just friends. Well, he had a little something with his best friend too. He had started to ease the itching with the help of his best friend, after all. That's how all of that had started in the first place. Him and Killer trying to make some money with some perverted old man watching them go down on each other. His mind wanted to sent him down memory lane, but he willed it down. He had no time for that now. Mostly didn't want to sport a full hard-on in front of one of his friends and colleagues. The erection the other almost caused was bad enough for him. His mind was overflowing with all those tempting pictures. How would the other look like, if he were to bang him? How would he sound, while he thrusts into him? What would his face look like, with cum all over it? Fuck! He's so not going this way right the fuck now!

"I gotta go... tell Wani. Or do you wanna do that?"

"Don't get ya string in a twist! I'm going to Wani... so you can rub one out, like you totally need to do right now. Naughty, Crimson, totally naughty!"

"And whose fault is it?"

He got the innocent deer eyes again and he just shoved him against

the door. Like the other had pointed out, he was already spotting a nice and hard erection. His fucking friend was cooperating with his fucking high sex drive to make him all hot and bothered just to tease him. The freckled man left him behind with his laughter ringing in Crimson's ears again and a throbbing hard cock in his tight fitting jeans. He should totally rethink wearing those for work. He should totally stop doing that to himself.

He grabbed his outfit and walked into one of the fitting rooms so he could at least combine both of the tasks laid out for him. Fucking Pyro being a goddamn tease. He was only a man himself and damn he was a sucker for a good looking, dark haired man with a nice tan. Closing and locking the door behind him, he sat down and sighed. Carefully he pushed one hand underneath the hem of his pants, biting his bottom lip when he traced his hard cock. With his hand in place he could finally pull down the zipper and open his pants. Fast now, he pushed them down, getting them over his hips and down to the ground, along with his shorts.

Panting, he wrapped his hand around his hard length and moaned out softly. His breathing hitched, when he rubbed fast along his throbbing cock. Fuck that Pyro. Sometimes he really would love to bent him over and just fuck him silly for all the shit he pulls on him, but he couldn't.

First, he was one of his colleagues; second, Pyro was more into a certain blond man; third, he was a friend. He wouldn't do a friend, never again. But his imagination was running wild at the moment and it was okay. It was just to please himself and that would be enough for that. Crimson was lucky that most of the other strippers, male or female, were either done already, or after the main event. He still need to hurry up, so his hand was moving up and down faster. It didn't take him long in the end, and he came over his hand with a soft strangled moan. Biting his bottom lip he looked down at the small mess he had made. Cum was dripping from his dick, which grew softer by the second. He cleaned himself fast and also got rid of the mess he had created. After that Crimson just got up from the bench on wobbling legs. He didn't have so much time left, but he took it and sighed softly. Maybe he really should see a doctor.

"Naah..."

The redhead slipped into the outfit and got out of the dressing room and right into the makeup room.

"Ahhh, so Pyro-boy really succeeded in talking you into the show? He's such a manipulative naughty one. Anyway... Ina-boy? I owe you 20 bucks."

Crimson sighed deeply and let the gender fluid person get to work on his make up. They were the best makeup artist he had ever worked with and he would never change that part of it. When the other was done he thanked them like always and went back to Pyro.

"I just knew you would work those ass-less chaps. Damn Crimson you look so god damn fuckable. I hope we can get you some extra calls with this little show. Would be horrible for me, when I'm the only one getting something out of it."

"Sure. You're such a saint. You should do a nun outfit next time on

stage."

His cynical retort left the other flabbergasted and completely stunned.

"You... you don't _need _to do it, you know? I just thought... maybe you would... like... Being on stage. I saw your gazesâ€|"

Fuck. Crimson closed his painted red eyes and sighed softly. He hated it, when the normally always so happy man sounded so insecure. When he was at home sometimes it overcame him as well, but it just didn't suit Pyro! God-fucking-dammit!?

"Just... let's do it okay? These heels are killing me!"

A bump against the other's shoulder was rewarded with a soft little smile, and soon Pyro started to blabber away happily again and Crimson was relieved. Maybe he could just make the best out of the situation and snatch a few extra calls. Wani couldn't say no to those, so it would be a win-win situation for him.

Had he ever told Pyro that he had actually experience at the pole? The redhead didn't quite remember, but maybe the other had guessed that much. He wouldn't bring a total novice with him, not for the main event. Crimson knew that the freckled man normally did that kind of shows with his best friend and adopted brother, and damn they were fucking sexy doing their thing.

A wave of insecurity washed over him and Crimson had to swallow hard. What if he had forgotten all those moves he once knew by heart? What if he was totally out of training? That could be possible after all.

"Relax, Crimson! We're gonna be so fucking hot together, all the watchers are gonna be having hard problems in the southern region!"

And just like that the insecurity was gone again. A soft chuckle worked its way out of his throat and he leaned his mostly naked shoulder against the younger.

Finally, he could hear the announcer talking to the audience about the main event.

Them.

Fuck. He was having a hard time controlling the urge to vomit. Just like back then. It was always the moment right before a show where he got nauseous.

"When I started that jobâ€| I used to throw up right before a show. All the time. Once I needed a new outfit and Iva had to change the makeup 5 minutes before the show. They were so sad."

Thinking about it wasn't really helping, but the younger grabbed the back of his neck, when the announcer just called out their names and the curtains were pulled back. He could only see the white teeth flashing before the other pressed his lips against his own.

And everything kicked into motion. The music was the lead, mostly for

Pyro. Crimson was following like a puppet on its strings.

His hips swayed slowly, in soft, hypnotising circles. Without really looking at the dark-haired man, he grabbed the pole and wrapped himself around it.

Easily.

Naturally.

He hooked one leg around it and pulled himself up. He was in a trance moving around on his high heels, doing kick-ups and flips like he used to. Up until the point Pyro came over towards him and dragged him to the front of the stage. Crimson couldn't see the crowd, he was absorbed by the moment and the other undressed him slowly in the most erotic ways one could think off.

The redhead pulled him up by grabbing his chin, clad only in their tight fitting strings. Just when the music started to fade out, Pyro slung his arm around his neck, one of his legs around his waist, and both of Crimson's hands were on his buttcheeks. Their lips almost touching.

That was the moment he realised that it was over and the audience was cheering, clapping their hands and wolf-whistling loudly. Pyro was panting hard against his mouth and Crimson was so tempted to kiss him again. But the freckled man let go of him and went backstage, the redhead following him again like a puppet.

"Fuck, Crimson! That was so damn awesome! You've really done that before, eh? Wani told meâ€¦ more like hinted it. Damn! The crowd went wild! I'm sure my phoenix was very pleased with his reward. Thanks again, Bro!"

Crimson's mind wasn't really back from the stage and so he saw the others lips moving fast and even heard those words escaping him, but he couldn't quite understand them at all. He just nodded and smirked from one ear to the other.

"Pyro-boy! Crimzon-boy! You were very awesome out there!"

The purple haired person stormed into the backstage room and hugged the two of them. Kissing their cheeks twice they handed the lists over.

"Fucking jackpot, Crimson! Wani can't say no to that massive amount of extra calls! I'm happy for you."

"Fuck yes. I fucking need that right now. Remind me to never go out on stage with you again."

The hurt look in those brown eyes made pain twinge in his chest too, so he quickly clarified.

"Next time I might actually end up fucking you on stage. You fucking walking sin!"

Laughing, he reserved the punch against his shoulder without complaint - he had provoked it anyway. With his list in hand he walked out of the room, clad only in his string and the heels.

Heading up to his room, he felt some hands on him courtesy of his bypassing colleagues.

Sometimes he really was happy that there were private stairs up to the rooms. Like right now.

The clients went by in a blur to him. Soon the last on the list arrived, while he was still in the bathroom.

"Hey. It's not nice entering a room... without... permission."

Grey eyes watched him with interest and a hint distance Crimson was used to by now. The other was new to that kind of entertainment like it seemed.

"My apologiesâ€¦| Crimson-ya? I was told, if the door was open it would be okay for me to enter."

The voice was soft, perhaps a bit shy? Well it sounded shy to him. A slightly lopsided grin pulled one side of his mouth up a bit.

"Wellâ€¦| now it's fine. Soâ€¦| what can I do for your pleasure?"

Slowly, he made his way towards him and let a finger wander along the hem of the other's long black coat. He had a certain smell on him. Not bad, but unique. Hospital. It was some kind of disinfectant which reminded him of a hospital.

"Uhmâ€¦| "

The perfect eyebrows knitted slightly in a frown and Crimson had to hold back a soft burst of laughter.

"It's okay. I got booked for a blowjob. Lemme guessâ€¦| bachelor party? One of your friends set you up to this?"

A slight grin worked its way up to those thin lips and Crimson felt a shiver running down his spine in response to it. Sharp grey eyes seemed to spark with interest now.

"Almost, but not _quite_ _right_. My friends booked you and set it up, yes. But it's not a bachelor party."

Relief washed over the redhead and he leaned in closer, his painted lips brushing a pierced ear softly.

"Well thenâ€¦| a Blowjob it is, hm?"

He could sense the other's uncertainty in what to do now and he smirked slightly, slowly getting rid of the heavy coat framing the smaller male's firm body. Looking him up and down, he licked his lips. Underneath was hidden a plain black hoodie and a pair of dark fitting jeans.

By all means, he was definitely someone who fit his tastes perfectly. A dark haired male with a nice tan. The beard at his chin suited him very well and Crimson's thumb ghosted along the stubble there.

"Like what you see?"

Crimson blinked a few times, but the smirk was back on in no time.

"Maybeâ€¦ They abducted you from work, hm?"

The other nodded softly and followed the redhead to one of the comfy looking armless chairs. Standing in front of it, the client got a soft push before he slumped into the soft leather. The redhead, was now right between his clients spread legs, stroking along his chin and jaw.

Crimson soon dropped to his knees and opened the belt and the fastening of the dark-haired man's pants. He blinked in surprise and got a slightly distressed sound from above. Slowly he looked up and the smug grin grew even wider at the slight blush on those tanned cheeks.

"They look damn awesome."

"A friend of mine designed them andâ€¦ I totally forgot I'm wear them. Now, it's a little humiliating."

Crimson leaned closer towards the other's crotch kissing slightly above the yellow and black boxer-briefs there. The fabric felt pleasant under his lips. Smooth like satin, but even better. The redhead breathed through it and got a soft hiss in return. He licked slightly along the outline of the still clothed cock. Now he was really getting curious about what he looked like.

Using his teeth, the redhead tugged at the elastics of the waistband and pulled it lower. Breathing against the hot flesh under it, he earned a breathy moan. That was going to be interesting. He always liked it, when his clients sounded nice - and this one was just pleasing all of his senses.

When the half hard member was finally freed Crimson had to hold himself back. The caramel skin here was from a darker tone than the rest of his body he had seen so far and he looked so tasty, the tip shining slightly due to the precum already leaking from the slit. The dark locks were perfectly trimmed as well. Damn, he was a sucker for men who are into a little aesthetics.

The redhead had to hold himself back not to just dive for it and rush everything. He wanted to let it last as long as he could. Carefully he wrapped a hand around the thicker base, before he traced the underside of the pulsing and now even harder dick. Closing his eyes he savoured the taste and also the musk of the crotch.

This client felt special. He found a certain urge to please him, more than he normally would. Wrapping his lips around the tip, he let his tongue just lightly dance over it. His reward was a soft groan. Heat rushed down his body and he could feel himself growing harder with each passing moment. He sucked harder at the shaft and moved his head a bit more, hollowing his cheeks while doing so.

Suddenly Crimson felt a hand stroking through his red hair and he gazed up at the panting man. Normally he would back off and explain to him that there was no touching allowed, but the stroking felt so

damn nice. Closing his eyes he deep-throated him completely. The stroking got a bit uneven and he grinned around the raven haired mans hard cock in his mouth.

Crimson found his rhythm and bobbed his head up and down on him. The pulsing of the thick length gave away, that the other was close to his orgasm, but he wasn't quite done with him. With a firm grip around the base he let go of the dick, licking his smeared lips. The lipstick had mostly rubbed off on the tanned skin and Crimson huffed his hot breath against the slick length.

"You're not only good at working the pole but your mouth too."

Crimson smirked at the praise, licking along the soft sack.

"Well thank you. I find this pole is way better, though."

He wouldn't even be lying, if he told the man that he wanted more. But that wasn't what he got booked for. Right now he hated his schedule. He felt that certain twitch inside of him. The urge to feel that dick more was almost overwhelming. Only a soft nudge from his client got him back to his task. The hard dick stood proudly in front of his face and he returned to sucking it again with all he was worth. The loud and deep moan shot a hot wave right into the throbbing length between his own thighs.

Crimson fondled the soft sack and could feel the others orgasmn creeping near again. But this time he didn't stop and hummed even when he took him deep, hitting the back of his throat.

"Fuck you're really unbelievable but I'm I'm close Crimson-ya."

He wanted to tell him to call him Kid. He wanted to get up just to sat down on the

"Fuuuuuuck!"

Shit! He had gotten lost in his thoughts again. Coughing he slumped back onto his heels. Panting he swallowed the thick and bitter liquid. The caramel colored skin shimmered even more now and more cum dripped out of the slit, with every pulsing of the length. Quickly Crimson leaned forward again and licked it away hungrily, almost eager, maybe also to tease him more and to earn more of those cute swearwords. Somehow it really turned him on, because the other seemed to be quite civilised and well-mannered.

The man above him stroked through his own dark hair, still panting hard. Gazing up into that handsome face, Crimson licked the last drop which wanted to escape his thirsty tongue. Those grey, almost silvery eyes, caught his watching ones and he felt his cheeks darken a bit. He was out of breath, his lipstick was smudged and he still sported a demanding hard-on between his muscled thighs.

Interested he watched the client reach out to him, stroking along his normally pale cheek.

"Thank you very much, Crimson-ya."

He smirked slightly and dressed himself again, getting onto his feet. The redhead heard some rustling, when the other got his coat back on. He wanted to escort him to the door, but he couldn't. His legs had fallen asleep from the position and he still had that damn hard problem between his legs.

"Perhaps we're going to see each other again. Perhaps even soon."

That sounded like a promise and it sent electric waves through his body and he just nodded. He looked up grinning, and watched the other at the table leaving him a tip. A really good one, too.

"Would hope so too."

The door closed and he flopped back on his butt panting hard, and immediately his right hand pulled his cock free. Closing his eyes he could imagine those grey ones watching him closely. Moving his hand hard along his hot flesh, he moaned even louder. But the next wave of vocal pleasure was muted with the back of his left hand, which Kid bit hard, surely leaving a bite mark there.

"Fuuâ€¦ uuckâ€¦"

He couldn't hold back, not when he also heard the other's voice echoing in his head. Spilling his seed over his hand, the redhead continued to stroke along the pulsing cock lazily. Breathing hard in and out, he just laid there on the floor, staring up at the ceiling.

Kid really hoped that man planned on visiting Crimson again. Soon. _Really_ soon, hopefully.

Biting his bottom lip and rubbing through his crimson hair with his clean hand, he slowly got up again. He got his heels off first and stepped into the bathroom, still on wobbly legs. Now completely naked he went into the shower.

The next few moments went by in a fast forward motion and he was just glad that he was done with his job for the night. He slowly walked home, stopping by a 24/7-store and got some stuff, but mostly he was lost in his thoughts- _again_.

Kid walked into the quiet apartment. It was early in the morning when he arrived there, so he moved slowly and quietly around in the kitchen, where he helped himself to some breakfast.

'_Perhaps even soon'_

That thought alone sent shivers down his spine again and he had to hold onto the table for balance. What the heck? This client really was different. Dang, he wanted him so much. He wanted to dominate him, he wanted to get dominated by him. Gripping his hair tightly he had to suppress an annoyed whine. He would break Wani's golden rule.

He couldn't even care less, if that meant he would get to know that gray-eyed beauty better.

_What if he didn't return? Maybe he hadn't been that good? Maybe he

didn't want to pay that amount and then leave a generous tip too? Maybe it really was just that one time thing, because his friends had set it up for him? Maybe he didn't like it and it was only a stress-reliever and nothing more?_

The nagging voice inside his head was back and he couldn't help it. The voice had a few good points and so he slumped slowly into his room. Instead of flopping down on his own bed, he crossed the room to the other bed in it and climbed in next to his best friend, stripped down to his shorts. Wrapping an arm around Killer's hip, he cuddled tightly against his back, hiding his face in the other's blonde mane

"You're much later than yesterdayâ€¦| good day?"

He nodded silently against the other's neck, well mostly into his thick long hair. The blond man sighed and turned around, wrapping both arms around him, pulling him against his chest.

Kid sighed in turn, lightly tracing the outlines of the older man's tank top, his restless fingers roaming along the side, slipping underneath the fabric.

Killer's body twitched lightly under his fingertips. He was ticklish. Like, really ticklish and the redhead always enjoyed getting those soft sounds he normally made. Kid let the tips of his painted nails ghost along the soft skin. Above him Killer's breathing hitched and that made him smile against his collarbone.

"Still hungry?"

The voice caught him slightly by surprise and he looked up. In the dimly lit room he couldn't really see the other's face, but he shoved his hands up underneath that shirt, tracing the hard and firm muscles.

"I'm always hungry, you should know that."

Killer just pulled him closer against his broad chest, stroking along his neck.

"I need to sleep, Kid. I have to get up soon and you need to go to get some rest too."

"I know... I'm just confused. Can I... sleep in your bed tonight?"

Sometimes he felt like a small child again, when in the other's company. Sometimes he could forget about everything and just be with him, cuddled against the warm body. He had long ago given up on the thought of being with the blond. He was no boyfriend material and his best friend deserved someone better. Not someone like him. Not someone as broken and dirty as him.

The arms around him tightened and it was the silent answer he had needed so bad. Killer was always on his side. Never trying to talk him out of his shitty ideas, even if he knew the other was sometimes silently judging him for them he never left him either. Even when he decided to go and borrow some money from that man. Even when said man got him introduced into his business. They had started together and

Kid had helped him out, because that wasn't something the blond could have done for long. Unlike him. He loved it. He had taken too hard a fall for all the attention, for all the gifts his few wealthy regulars got him.

Right now he just needed his anchor to get down to earth again. Mostly to forget those slender, almost model-like legs, the tanned skin, the bearded chin, the smirk, the inks he had gotten a glimpse of, the man with those piercing grey eyes.

"Kid... you're getting hard. Think of something else please."

"Fuck..."

The redhead slightly slapped him against the chest and turned around, so his hard-on wouldn't poke him anymore. Dang! That grey-eyed guy had him hard again! How was he still in Kid's head? That wasn't going to end well for him! It wasn't normal. He sighed softly, but snuggled back against a hard chest, when the other turned around to spoon him.

"Try to think of Teach in a corset. Really tight G-String."

"URG! KILLER! I wanted to kill my erection just for now, not forever! You're disgusting! I love you, bro."

The other just chuckled warmly into his ear. A few moments later Kid could feel his soft and steady breaths against his ear, his chest moving against his back. It felt nice and he made him feel secure and safe. He concentrated on the other's breathing and soon he fell asleep, too.

The next day started too early. Well for him it was early. Killer had nonchalantly climbed over him to get out of bed, as soon as his alarm went off. Kid just grumbled, watching the other leave the room. For the bathroom, he could tell because he could hear the shower a moment later. Slowly he rolled on his back, blinking a good few times to get the sleep out of his eyes. Damn, he wasn't ready to get up, so he rolled to the other side of the bed. It was warm there. Warm and smelled like Killer. He smiled softly.

"GOD DAMN YOU FUCKER! SWITCH OFF THE LIGHT! DANG KIIIIIIILEEEEEER!"

The moment Killer reentered the room, he turned on the lights to get his clothes out of the wardrobe and put them on. The bastard. He just rolled his eyes under the slightly damp fringe at the redhead and got his overall on. Kid just watched him from underneath the blanket with squinted, angry eyes.

"When ya coming back home t'day?"

"Could be late. We have a shitload to do in the shop. Boss makes me pull overtimes, but lucky me, at least it's paid this time. Got him by the balls."

"Asshole. You need your beauty sleep too. And... maybe you can send him to me, might get a promotion after?"

Killer walked over towards the bed and grabbed his chin, squeezing his cheeks in hard.

"Don't. Even. Fucking. THINK. About it, Kid. You wanna work there too one day. You promised me that! As soon as you paid that reptile off, you're coming too! As soon as you're free of getting your ass or mouth fucked."

Kid squeezed his eyes shut and couldn't do anything. He hated it, when his best friend got like that. But he was right. He had promised this. Right after he had signed the contract from the 'Golden Wani' he had made that promise to Killer.

"Yeah, Killer. I'm going to work with you. Dang... That hurts... stop it. But for your informationâ€¦ I don't like getting my ass fucked. I'm more the fucker."

The older man let go of his cheeks and he began to rub them. Dang that really hurt like hell! Glaring up at his best friend he got a sigh in answer.

"You know I just want the best for you, Kiddo... And it hurts seeing you.. selling your body like that."

"Hey... that's rude you know? We started that together, remember? And.. you know it's different for me. It's really not that bad! The 'Wani''s different than the pit we were in before. It's way better there."

Kid smirked up at him and flopped back down again.

"And damn! I had a fucking handsome one yesterday! He even tipped me double the prize his friends had paid for me. And those eyes. Fuck. I can cum just for those silver like eyes..."

Killer just snorted and grabbed his bag, leaving the room without another comment and leaving also Kid behind. Said man didn't quite realize it, because he was occupied by his own thoughts again. Those eyes. Those deep grey eyes. He had never seen such eyes before. Deep like a frozen sea. He seemed okay, well more than that.

"I should have asked Iva for the name."

Grinning like an idiot he cuddled against the pillow he had rested his head on and tried again to grab some more sleep.

Like usual, most of his day was rather lazy and he spent it in front of the TV watching a season of one of his beloved series, while eating something he had found in the fridge. He was mostly alone. Killer was in the garage, Heat and Wire were at the atelier. So, yes, he could just relax.

Normally he would do so. But he _couldn't_. His mind kept showing him pictures of the night before, mostly of his last client. Kid didn't even realize that it was almost time to head off to work already.

Suddenly, his mobile went off and he flinched slightly, before he could pull it out. A message.

[_Pyro_]:

Some hot piece of man asked for you already! Looks like someone got himself a sexy new regular! ;3

[_picture sent by Pyro_]

A shiver ran down his spine, when he saw the causally taken picture. That relaxed looking man was so hot. Out of place, even. Why would such a hot man need to visit a nightclub like the '_Golden Wani_'? Okay there were enough hot men coming to have some fun. But this one seemed so different. Even his way of talking screamed high class.

He got up from his spot and went to grab his jacket and slip on his boots. He had high hopes that the man would still be there when he'll arrive at the nightclub. Damn he HAD to be there; he had asked for him after all, but on the other hand he couldn't blame him if he didn't wait, could he?

[_Pyro_]

_Do you wanna __**COME**_ _earlier today? ;3_

[Me]

Stop these fucking puns y'diot. N yea imma bout to head out! Tell Wani imma pull a complete one 2day!

[Pyro]

Uhlalala ~ long time since ya did one, eh? Think ya can still pull that off, oldie?

_[Me] _

Shut it!

Kid just rolled his eyes and again he asked himself why he hadn't just punched the other in the guts already. No not in the face. He knew by far how important the face was in their business.

Dammit why was he so excited to see this man again? Did he even want to get served tonight? Well he didn't seemed to be one of those who pay a lot just to have some company or just a few drinks at the bar of a rather exclusive and mostly expensive nightclub. But Ace wrote he had asked for him and this obviously sent his mood flying.

The redhead stopped immediately and was about to slap his own face a few times. What the hell was he even at right now? Why was he running after some guy?

Continuing on his way, now a bit slower than before, he arrived a few moments later at the '_Golden Wani_'.

When he arrived there, it was still early in the evening and at least it was quiet. The busy buzzing was calm and more distant than usual. Crimson looked around, after getting past the green haired bouncer. So today was Bones' day off, like it seemed. Not like he cared. He was more friendly with the green haired grump at the entrance after all. He went to the bar and got a bottle of water from Shakky. She

smiled softly at him and slipped him a paper.

"He's pretty hot. Give a ring when you're done with dressing up, I'll send him up for you like always. Izo already laid the requested outfit out for you."

"A new one? Never did a steampunk thing."

Kid frowned slightly at the piece of paper with his appointment on it. So a certain '_Law_' wants a steampunk themed dance? Shit. Was thatâ€¦ the grey-eyed guy from yesterday? Was that his name? Or just his nickname? He knew quite a bunch of people who came here using an alias.

"_HE _asked for it and Izo was head over heels. He had everything for that already prepared for you. Don't ask me _why_."

Pyro, who had just arrived at that very moment, swung one arm around Crimson's shoulders.

"He once told me _'it would go sooo smoothly with your whole appearance'_..."

Crimson shrugged slightly and managed to also dislodge the warm arm from his shoulders. Pyro just chuckled and tilted his head at him. He could feel the eyes of the other on him. Roaming up and down. When he was finally done with his once-over, he grinned widely at the redhead.

"Yep. Can totally see you slaying this outfit for sure. With the goggles and all."

Crimson stuck out his tongue at him, but his Pyro just knew how to stroke his ego more. Smirking he went up the private stairs and when he entered his room he was hit by the sight of the outfit.

"Fucking shit Izo."

He mumbled while stroking over the worn out looking leather. Fuck. The man with the Geisha-look just knew what suited him best. He had to ask himself again how the other had managed this? Although, Crimson didn't really care in this moment. His thoughts went to the fact that he was going to see the other man again. Shit. He should stop those thoughts right then and there. He shouldn't feel like this. Before he began to experiment with his makeup he splashed some ice cold water into his pale face.

He went on to apply the soft mousse and even attached some gears on the left side of his face. He had given himself an overall more mechanical looking makeup. Shit he never had taken so long for one like this. Not even his 'Dios de los muertos' one and that had taken quite a long time.

He just was a perfectionist when it came to his looks. They were his capital after all. He let the soft brush glide over his once-broken nose. He had really thought that had been his end in this business. His was lucky that there are quite a bunch who are really turned on by his rough edges and scars.

And those scars he had highlighted to look more like metal pieces

themselves. Satisfied with his makeup, he began to style his red hair. The right side he got slicked back, so it would fall loosely and softly back. The left side got more spiked up, but still more slicked back than usually.

When he was ready with that, he washed the hair products off of his hands and started getting dressed into the worn-looking leather coat. Maybe he should ask Wani if he could keep this one.

He slipped on the dark brown pants with the holes in the right places and all the pockets and straps. Damn he was so in love with this outfit already. He looked in the full-size mirror and smirked. Admiring the view for a few more moments he had a hard time not to get hard again. Everything fitted him perfectly. The dark brown straps and belts he was wearing in place of a top, too. The fingerless leather gloves would help him with having a good grip on the pole, where he mostly started his dances to get himself in the mood, before he turned his attention towards his clientele.

He grabbed the sturdy and old-looking plateau boots which were almost knee-high and still fit loosely around his trained legs. The plateaus gave him a good seven centimetres more on his already tall figure. They had a thick, wide plateau because he couldn't walk in those thin heels and they look ridiculous on his rather bulky frame anyway. The last thing he put on were the steampunk goggles, decorated with spikes and gears along them.

Admiring himself in the mirror, he hummed in approval. He would so steal this outfit. Like, he was a hundred percent sure he would.

Mostly the boots. He loved this kind of shoes. The buckles along the shaft looked so good in this worn-out style, like he had been marching through deserts for years with them and they were comfortable enough to even do so. Well maybe he wouldn't actually _do _it, but his mind was drifting so he wouldn't have to focus too much on the client he was about to serve. He couldn't get his hopes up just because he had come back for a second time, it didn't mean anything. Kid almost slapped himself, but he remembered all his own hard work on the make up. Shit! So he had to stick with grumbling.

He had never been like this before and this grey-eyed hottie wasn't the first really fucking hot client he'd ever had. Breathing in and slowly out again, he got his mobile. With a last look into the mirror he went out of his own rooms and into the hallway. He could see some of the other guys and the looks on their faces. Not all of them were friendly. Not at all. But he was used to it. With his head held high and his lopsided grin in place he stepped into another room.

This one obviously had a desert theme and he liked to play with his private dances so everything matched just fine. He moved to the pole in the middle of the room and leaned casually against it. His heart was already beating faster and his body was starting to react. He couldn't stop himself once he got into this certain state of hunger and need. Crimson dialed the number of the bartender. He let it ring three times before he hung up again. Shooting her a text with the room number was easier for him. He couldn't resist and took a picture of himself before he placed the mobile neatly someplace, before he stepped back to the pole to lean against.

It didn't take the other long. Or maybe it did and he just lost track of time again? He heard knocking and he had to chuckle.

"You may enter."

The door slowly opened and indeed the grey-eyed man from the day before entered the room and looked around fast. For a moment Crimson caught a glimpse of an amazed and astonished expression on his face, before it turned somewhat distant again. So this was really his kind of facade? Crimson smirked at the thought.

"I'm glad you found your way back in again. I was kind of impressed at the request you had."

'Law' dared to step closer and looked the man up and down. Crimson was still leaning against the pole and offered himself a bit more for the other's enjoyment. He loved the look on his face. At first he had felt like meat on a street market, but now he reveled in the hot gaze filled with lust and need burning affectionately along his body. Slowly he let his own hand travel down his mostly naked chest.

"Ahâ€¦. to be honest, I was debating about whether I should come or not. Like you can see, I couldn't hold back myself at the thought of seeingâ€¦ you. Pathetic. I know."

He smiled almost sheepishly and Crimson was raging on the inside, nothing to be seen on the outside at the same time. Why was this man so unbelievably hot while being shy? If the tables were turned, Crimson, well in that moment **Kid, **would spend all his money on this man, like a junkie on his favourite drug would, for some moments of pure bliss.

"Don't call yourself that, my dear. Pathetic looks different. Not as hot as you do."

"Quite a charmer aren't you?"

"Well normally not, depends on the personâ€¦ if I want to charm them or not."

Kid smirked lopsided and with a press to the remote the music he had chosen before started to play and Law sat down on the soft. inviting chair. Law was glad that the other really had such an outfit at hand. His gaze followed each and every step of the redhead. Crimson was different than the others in the club. He was built like a brickhouse, with some fine scars, only visible to those who looked for them. The red hair looked like flames, like it could burn, but the man on the chair already knew they were soft to the touch.

Those inviting lips. The firm and rather bulging muscles. Law could feel the blood rushing down between his legs only at the thought of the soft and skilled mouth. What would he taste like?

He moaned, when the slightly taller man was in front of him and pressed a knee between his slightly parted legs. He simply spread them and Law followed his lead. Law wanted the other to bent him and use him. But he knew that wasn't what he had paid for. Next time. He would love to try it next time! He had never thought that he would

feel so giddy about the idea of visiting such an establishment not only for a second, but also for a third time and maybe even more. Okay, he had never thought he would visit such a nightclub in the first place. Right now he was glad he had gotten himself dragged along by his best friends.

The surgeon had never had those screaming urges before, he had been more quiet about it, but this man got him addicted. Fast like a drug and efficient like one. For the first time in his life he was glad, that he was a rather wealthy man so he could afford this. The '_Golden Wani_' wasn't known as a cheap place after all, rather the opposite. That way he was sure that the man, who was moving slowly up against him, bracing both arms right and left of his head against the backrest of the chair he was seated on, was a high class one.

He screamed high class after all right in his face.

Crimson placed his right booted foot between Law's spread legs now, slightly pushing and nudging against his crotch, electing more and more of those small noises. Whimpers and soft breathy gasps, moans just barely audible. He was holding back. And something inside of Crimson wanted to rip those noises from the other man. Licking his painted lips he moved up into the other's personal space, grinning down at him from above and let his foot down. With a smooth motion he closed Law's legs again and he placed his own on either side of his hips, so he could slowly get down on him, seating himself on his lap, and rubbing up against him. The noises grew louder and he could feel something harder forming underneath the other's expensive looking pants. The tent there grew more and more visible.

Crimson let his hips swing back and forth in eighths against his crotch to get even more responses. Crimson's gaze never left Law's and suddenly he inched closer and closer, until he was just a few centimeters away from the other's face, from the other's lips. He could feel the wet, shallow breaths ghosting along his own slightly moist lips. His own breathing was deep and slow, needing all the concentration not to break all of Wani's rules at once.

_Do not __**kiss **__your clients!_

_Do not get __**touched**_ _by your clients, unless they had paid for it!_

_Do not __**go home**_ _with your clients!_

_Do not __**involve**_ _feelings with clients!_

_Do not __**do anything **__you are NOT! paid for by your clients!_

He would gladly break them all for this one little kiss, just to taste those tanned lips on his own. He would go home with him, share his passion between the other's sheets. But while Law was still trembling underneath him he slowly moved up and away from him. The music had changed again and there he stood: A few inches away again, but at the same time so far, it felt like an ocean separated them. Tall, proud and fierce.

Law knew he had a problem in the southern region of his body and that there was some recognizable wetness already straining the inside of

his pants and underwear right now. He just couldn't look away, hooked by those blazing amber eyes. He wanted to touch him, feel the smooth and milky looking skin in front of him. He would love to taste those painted lips, smearing the lipstick on them more.

They just stared at each other, until the beast turned around and made a step away from the panting man on the chair, with this raging hard-on between his thighs. Crimson wouldn't be able to contain himself any longer, if he kept looking at him. Slowly he came down from his trip and blinked a few times, a slight panic erupting in his chest. All those thoughts, he never had them. Not with any of those girls he had dated before. Not with any of those boys he had approached on his own back then. This wild beast was special. He wanted to have him. He would come visit him again.

"My gratitude. This really had been something to lighten up my day and brighten it as well. I have to admit, I was mildly concerned about my desire to see you in such an outfit, but I also have to admitâ€¦ I'm glad I did requested it. You look astonishing. Incredibly amazing."

Crimson turned around slowly, a few steps away from the other man now so he would be able to breathe, and grinned. His most feral and dangerous smirk. Law's eyes widened. He could feel his member throbbing even more, just because of this one single smirk. It was incredible. The wet spot grew even more, and the tent in his pants was bulging even more visibly. He hadn't even realized that the song had already changed and Crimson was now just standing there in front of him, staring down along his crooked nose and just grinning. His muscular arms were crossed over his chest and he was humming softly under his breath.

The redhead knew that some clients needed a moment after something like that to come down again. This Law was pretty obviously lost in the clouds. The tent in the front of his jeans was alluring and he would love to just pull those down, turn him around and mount him. He had to hold himself back not to do so. He would jump him here and now, fuck him into oblivion and ride out his own need.

His throat felt dry, like he had walked through the desert for real.

"Thanks for the praise. It's nice to hear, that your efforts are being appreciated."

He hummed and gone was the dangerous grin, replaced by a teasing and softer one. His gaze wandered along the other's body, openly lingering at the bulge of his throbbing cock, the tip of a pink tongue tracing painted lips, and Law shivered.

Damn this man could be the death of him. He was hot, sexy and oh so tempting. Whining he pressed his legs tightly close and bit his bottom lip. He could come undone just because of the look Crimson was giving him right now and the other seemed to know it and enjoy it. Of course it was visible. Law was sitting there, legs tightly closed, his tanned lips in a thin line, seeming whiter because of the pressure on them. His hands were clenched into tight fists on his legs, having grabbed the pants. Never had he reacted to someone that much, as he was right now. To a hooker. To an obviously sadistic high class hooker.

"I have to admit. I enjoy your reaction to me, _Law_."

Crimson smirked lopsided and sat down at the edge of the little stage across from Law's seat. He had his legs spread like he owned this place and gave the other a full view of his trained body when he leaned back, resting on his hands behind him. The grey eyes roamed over the entire sight in front of him, never leaving it. He felt dizzy, almost drunk.

The redhead chuckled and Law couldn't handle it anymore. Slowly and as gracefully as he could Law got up and went to the other, slipping him some bills under the crossed leather right over his chest. Leaning forward, so his lips brushed along the shell of the other's ear. He could smell the shampoo, the natural musk of this oh so tempting body.

"I will return soon."

"I hope so. I will look forward to the day, handsome."

And Crimson did. Even if he knew he shouldn't get his hopes up, that he had to be realistic about it, he still could hope and wish for it to be true. He would love to see this man again. This was bad and he knew it, but he couldn't care less. This could be nice and he really would love to have something nice for a change. He got up as well, and slightly towered over the dark-haired male. His gaze went up and down at the other's lean body. Yes this could really be very nice for a change. Kid smirked softly at his own thought. So he watched him leave.

The rest of his working day was not as thrilling as his encounter with _Law_. His thoughts kept drifting back to it now and then, causing him to lick his lips. This customer had been rather nice and he was looking forward to seeing him again. Not only because of the generous tips he had given him. If he kept it up, he would be able to pay off Wani faster and be free again.

He left the nightclub in the early morning hours of the next day and stared down at his feet.

Free again.

Kid wasn't so sure if he should be happy about it or not. He felt rather empty, thinking about it. He would miss his colleagues - not all of them, but quite a bunch. Kid would also miss the attention of the customers. He had started to get addicted to that, instead of the drugs he had been hooked on before that.

He entered the apartment and was greeted by his three best friends, still awake. They were his family. Everything he had left and at the same time everything he needed. He smiled and slipped out of his jacket. The redhead went into the bathroom and simply slipped out of his clothes.

The next few weeks were the same. Everyday he hoped the man would come and at the same time he somehow hoped he wouldn't return. But the man, whom he had found out was indeed called Law, did come most days. It was mostly a simple lap dance, like he wasn't really keen on wandering into deeper waters.

The redhead knew it was wrong and he shouldn't do that, but he couldn't help it. He found himself lusting more and more after the mythical man with the goatee and those alluring silver eyes. He wanted him more and more with each passing meeting they had. And this had been going on for more than three months.

"Maybe your sexy goatee man is a virgin?"

He stared at Pyro as if he had grown a second head all of a sudden. A virgin? He never thought about that possibility. Maybe Law really was a virgin? He could feel a certain relief washing through his body. He had thought that maybe the other didn't really want him, just some stress relief. But the thought had left another bitter taste in his mouth.

He couldn't break in a virgin. He just couldn't do so. Godfuckin damnit he wanted to do it with Law!

"... Son... crimson?"

"eh?"

"You aren't even fake-listening this time!?"

Crimson rolled his eyes and brought the bottle of water to his lips. The freckled man watched him and frowned slightly, until he grabbed him by upper arm. With the younger man, pulling at him, he went towards the other's room. He had been there a few times already. He liked it there, it calmed him down and he smiled just slightly.

"What happened, Crimson? This isn't like you at all!"

The redhead just blinked confused about what the other was talking about, but he just shrugged. He knew what had hit him and he knew what was wrong with him. The hooker also knew that he simply couldn't have it.

"It's not all rainbows and sunshine when you fall for someone."

The black haired man just stared at him with his mouth hanging open and his chocolate brown eyes wide. Grumbling the pale man rubbed along his neck and looked anywhere that wasn't in his general direction. He frowned, when he heard the other sighing.

"This isn't good."

"You don't say, Sherlockâ€¦"

"Noâ€¦ for realâ€¦ you can't quit too."

Slowly he lifted his head and saw the guilty expression on the other's beautiful face and he knew he was feeling honestly guilty and sad. The redhead just nodded and turned around. He needed to go. He needed to run! He just didn't want to be there anymore.

"Oi! Crimson! Where are you going? Youâ€¦ can't just... "

But he didn't listened. He just left the freckled man's room and then

the building. He had known this moment would come one day. The younger one had found his luck and his place in this fucked up world. He had known that it would be hard for him to cope with it. Kid had started to like the other. He was fun to talk to, he always caught him when he fell and nowâ€¦ everything was falling apart for him and there was nothing and no one to hold him.

He knew Wani would be angry with him, Kid just didn't care at all right now. He just wanted to bury himself in his bed and never get up again. This feeling of emptiness and betrayal weighed heavily on him.

A moment later he found himself doing just that. He couldn't blame Pyro. He had been there before he started with the whole business in the 'Golden Wani'. He had been something like his friend in there. Suddenly his phone went off and he knew it was him. He didn't pick up. He didn't want to hear anything. He felt betrayed. When he felt the vibration he knew he had received a text this time. Kid bit his bottom lip and grabbed his mobile. Opening the message he found himself wishing he hadn't done so.

[Pyro]

I'm sorry! I didn't want it to come out like thisâ€¦ Iâ€¦. I'm really sorry! But just becauseâ€¦ I won't work here anymore, don't mean I won't come and visit you!

It hurt. It hurt so damn much and he was angry. Mostly he was angry with himself, because he had been so stupid, so naive to think that the moment of Pyro's departure was in the far, far future, while in reality it was lurking just around the corner. A corner he had just taken. He felt so stupid, feeling like this. So goddamn stupid! And again he felt the other itch he had so often back then. The itch to hurt and get hurt. He needed to get this off his chest so badly he jumped up from his bed and was out on the streets again.

This had been a bad idea and he knew it from the start, but he hadn't quite acknowledged that thought too much. When he had been younger he used to get into fights regularly. Mostly because people dared insult his friends.

So he kind of knew the way to the hospital like the back of his hand. Coughing he held his side and licked the blood that had trickled from his nose to his lips, maybe he had gotten it broken again?

Slowly some pieces of his memories started coming back to him. The guy in the bar had tried to come at him, had desperately tried hitting on him. But Kid hadn't been in the mood and told him rather colorfully to fuck off. That had earned him a fist right into his face. Stunned, he turned away quietly again and gulped down his beer. Was it his fifth? Sixth? He couldn't really remember now. But he had paid his bill and went out. His hands were shaking, when he tried to lit up a cigarette.

Then it had hit him hard again. Right in the back. The fight hadn't taken too long. The guy wasn't a match, even if he had surprised him twice. Now he sat on the surgery couch waiting for a doctor to arrive. He didn't know it had gotten quite late, so when the doctor finally arrived he was about to doze off already .

"So Mr. Eustass, you already got pre checked so I'm just here forâ€¦. Yourâ€¦ noseâ€¦"

The redhead slowly looked up, eyes barely open and he smiled. A bloody and lopsided, sarcastic smirk.

"Should've known ya're so far outta my leagueâ€¦"

Silvery eyes met hazed amber ones and the doctor frowned slightly at that.

"Why are youâ€¦"

"...here? Bloody obviously isn't it? Why I'm bloody? None of your business doc. Soâ€¦ can I go home now?"

He slipped from the couch and almost fell into Trafalgar's arms. Into Dr. Trafalgar Law's arms. The man who had become his most favourite regular. His world suddenly tilted and it was thanks to Law's fast reflexes that he didn't empty his stomach all over the doctor. The warm and slender fingers stroked through slightly sweaty and a bit bloody crimson hair.

Crimson.

Law gulped while rubbing along his back. He looked up and scanned the clock in the corner. He already was past his time again and he needed to go home, take a shower and at least try to catch some sleep. But he got ripped out of his thoughts, when the man in his arms suddenly began to sob and hiccup into his shoulder.

The man he had gone seeing, lusting after the moment he had first laid his eyes on. This sinful, handsome man. Thisâ€¦ broken and deeply sad man. Kid clung to him like he was his last straw before he drowned.

"Dr. Trafalgarâ€¦. Do you need some help? Shall we bring him up?"

The doctor shook his head slightly, hiding the other from the curious eyes of the nurse in the doorframe.

"Noâ€¦ I'll take care of this. He's a friend of mine. I'll fill out the report tomorrow."

The brunette nodded shortly and left the room again. Law looked down at the man in his arms and carefully placed him back on the leather couch. He checked his eyes, trying to make sure he wasn't drugged.

"Just hadâ€¦ a few beersâ€¦ am okayâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I can goâ€¦"

"Yeahâ€¦ I'm sureâ€¦"

He helped the man to his feet and they went to the door, slowly, Kid breathing heavily. The way to his car had never been that long. Luckily, they could leave the hospital through the employees-only exit. The drive to his spacious and mostly empty apartment had been the longest ride ever. He had to drive even more carefully than he normally would.

"Hold onâ€¦ tightâ€¦ damn you're heavyâ€¦"

"Am not fatâ€¦ musclesâ€¦"

"I haven't said you're fat."

He held him against the side of the elevator and hoped it would arrive soon. The drunk man was slowly getting more and more active again. Andâ€¦ was he actually pouting? Shit. The normally cocky and devious smoking hot man was like a big, sad lost puppy. This was going to be the end for him.

"I'm not stupidâ€¦ I'm just drunkâ€¦ and hurtâ€¦"

Law looked up, when the soft ping signalled that the doors will open soon. Slowly they went into the metal box and Kid leaned automatically against the metal behind him, squinting his eyes shut.

"We're almost there."

He had to control himself. The closeness to the crimson haired man was slowly driving him up the wall and he could feel the familiar pressure and the knot forming in his guts. He took a couple deep breaths.

Mistake. Big mistake!

The smell of the other was overwhelming and he leaned in closer to Kid. He had never been so lucky and glad to hear the ping again. Leading the man out and towards the door to his apartment. Kid was already swaying on his feet again and leaned heavily against the doorframe.

Law helped him in and guided him directly into his bedroom.

"House visitsâ€¦ cost extra, doc."

Law blinked in confusion, but Kid pushed him bodily against the bedroom door, pressing his lips against the neck of the dark-haired man, pressing himself against him. The doctor was surprised and had to bite back the moans which wanted to leave him, while the redhead slowly unbuttoned his dress shirt, rubbing along his nipples hidden beneath the undershirt he was wearing.

"Mr. Eustassâ€¦ stopâ€¦ you're intoxicatedâ€¦"

"Once... fucked while high... So what."

Law felt all the arousal leaving his body, despite Kid's tempting, soft lips were still at his neck, nibbling and kissing along carefully. He pushed him back with enough force that Kid would stumble back, landing on the bed. There was a lopsided smirk on his face as he placed his hands at the hem of his dark fitting jeans.

"Oh didn'tâ€¦. Think you'd be intoâ€¦."

"Shut your trap whore! You're in no place to talk all cocky right

now, got it?"

Kid blinked and suddenly he inched away from the man beside the foreign bed. Eyes wide and body shivering. He broke out in a cold sweat and his breathing grew faster. His mind was suddenly flooded with almost long forgotten memories.

"No! you can't touch me anymore! you're! you're long gone. You're dead. You can't fucking hurt me anymore."

Fuck. This had backfired massively and Law slowly raised his hands. The seemingly strong and normally so tempting man suddenly was like a puppy again. A sad, beaten up pup and Law inched closer with tiny, testing steps. He had to be careful. But Kid just laid there and stared at him like a deer caught in the headlights.

"It's okay Kid! I won't hurt you. Everything is okay. I'm here to help you. You're safe now."

Kid slowly seem to come back to his senses for real now. He looked down at his hands and went to the edge of the bed, ruffling through his red hair that had lost the spikes and just hung down into his face.

"I'm sorry for all this trouble. I! should just go home."

But before he could even get up Law was right in front of him, having his hands on his shoulders. Slowly he looked up in question and was greeted by the softly smiling face of the man in front of him. The dark haired man just stood there and slowly started to massage his shoulders tenderly.

"No you're going to stay. If you want to go home later, I will drive you, but for now you should just lay down and rest a bit. This was all emotionally exhausting for you I'm sure of it. So just.. Stay for a bit, yes?"

"If you insist!"

"I do insist, I truly do."

Kid bit his bottom lip and nodded shortly. He felt stupid and like an idiot, but at the same time he felt this giddy happiness suddenly bubbling up inside of him. He felt rather great and he couldn't think of anything other but that he was in bed with _Law _well basically he wasn't really in bed with _him _but he was in _his _bed!

"So would you mind, if you take off your clothes?"

The amber eyes widened at this and he looked up at Law. Was he hearing right or did his mind fuck with him again? He frowned and Law sighed softly, stepping forward and was now between the redhead's muscular thighs. Slowly, he gripped the hem of the other's shirt.

"Not for having intercourse, though! You need some rest and I do not appreciate it, when someone sleeps in their clothes in my bed, so if you don't mind!"

"Would you! help me? I feel so weak!"

His voice was low and rough and Law's eyes widened slightly at this, but he nodded automatically. Slowly, he pulled the shirt over Kid's head, but the moment the hands had slipped out of the fabric he felt the big hands on his behind. The warmth was seeping through the jeans and he bit his bottom lip. Law leaned forward towards him, but he didn't dare kissing the redhead on the lips. Instead of his mouth he aimed for his neck and kissed along some dark lines, scars, scattered around. The redhead had only joked saying this, but he liked how Law did it.

When his tongue met the sensitive skin he was rewarded with soft noises from the other man. Law let his fingers glide along his strong arms and he got pulled even closer towards the one sitting on his bed. He wanted more, his body was screaming this itself, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. He just wanted to feel him for real. Law pushed slightly against his shoulders and let Kid fall back on his bed again. Like this he could work on the jeans the man was wearing.

"Youâ€¦ don't really need to do that, you know? I can get rid of my clothes on my ownâ€¦ that's what I mostly get paid for, to be frank."

But Law continued with this until Kid was left only in his shorts and he couldn't help himself but to lick along his suddenly too-dry tanned lips. He wanted to taste him. Every part, every little inch of him. Why was this so damn hard all of a sudden? Kid shouldn't be that tempting for him, but here he was, looking at this now mostly naked wonder and he was just about ready to jump his bones. If it wasn't for that little voice in his head, he would have. But his voice of reason was just too strong again, like most of the time.

"I'm going to fetch you some water, so you'll stay hydrated and you won't get too bad a headache tomorrow."

Kid nodded slowly and watched the other leave him on his bed. Law had even gotten his boots off for this and he snuggled under the thick blanket. When he rested his head on the pillow he was surrounded by the scent of the dark haired man. He smiled softly and buried his face in the soft pillow case. He was about to drop off, when the owner of the bed returned with a water bottle and he growled softly. Slowly he sat up again and drank the entire content of it down with the little pill the older had given him. Kid watched him while gulping down and sighed softly after he had everything down.

"Thank youâ€¦ forâ€¦ everything you know?"

Law just smiled and ruffled through his red hair. Normally Kid hated this. He only ever allowed Killer to do this, but he had allowed it the other man before, so he simply leaned into the hand and sighed softly.

"Now sleep, Kidâ€¦"

It didn't take him long before he really dropped off. It had been too much for him. Everything had been just too much. The struggle, the revelation from Pyro, the drinking and then the fight. But in the end it had been of use after all. He smiled softly in his sleep and snuggled closer against Law, who had rested down next to him.

The next morning came too soon, at least for him.

He could feel the warmth of another body pressed tightly against his chest. The foreign scent of the man surrounded him completely, and he felt something else as well. When he pulled the other closer towards himself he heard the other's soft moaning. His hard-on pressed hotly between clothed buttocks.

"Morning to you too!"

Kid chuckled softly and nuzzled his face into the older man's soft, tousled hair. Most of the nights since the man had first walked into the nightclub, he had dreamed about this. Slowly he wandered towards the nape and kissed along the warm skin there. It felt so good and so right. Kid stroked up Law's naked side.

"How was it? Home Service costs more?"

"I can give you a discount on your first one."

Law grinned softly and placed his hand upon the other's and pulled him closer towards him, stroking along the back of his hand and grinned even more.

"Thank you for your kind offer! maybe I should gladly take it."

"You should!"

The dark haired man slowly turned around in his arms and pressed himself tightly against his body. Kid watched him closely and he was tempted to press his lips against the other's, but Law leaned his head away and kissed along his neck, humming quietly because of this and the redhead was glad about it. He wasn't entirely sure about everything, so he just kept it simple like this. He placed both hands on the man's butt. Humming, Law pressed it back into Kid's warm, big hands. It felt so good, but when the hands slipped underneath the only fabric left on him, it was even better.

"Then I shall! take the ! kind offer."

He whispered along his neck and Kid didn't want to hold back any longer. So he pulled out his hands and rolled on top of him. Licking his lips, as he leaned down, Kid grinned against the corner of his lips, while pressing down on him. The redhead kissed along the soft skin of his neck, wandering towards his collarbone, nibbling along it while pulling at the shorts. It got heated fast after that, Law also pulling at his own shorts and Kid letting him do so. Soon, their shorts were both gone and Kid leaned up and looked down to get a good look at what had been hidden underneath those black tight shorts.

Well he had seen this hot view before, a few times already, but it never stopped to amaze him so much. Kid stroked along the hard shaft and received a soft moan from the older man. He couldn't help himself and smiled softly while he wandered lower with his lips. He licked along one of the perky, caramel coloured nipple. The dark haired man underneath him bit his bottom lip and sighed. It was too good.

"Would you like to taste more of me?"

Kid looked up and licked his lips fast. Was he hearing things? Did he want more? Of course! He wanted all of him and so he stroked along the insides of his thighs.

"Would you let me to have another taste of you, Law?"

All the man could do was nod, and Kid smiled at this. Yes. He wanted more and he showed Kid this openly. He spread his legs more for him and the redhead wandered even lower, nibbling along his navel and Law's muscles constricted slightly. He wrapped his hand around the already hard shaft, before he wrapped his lips around the tip of it and Law groaned loudly at that. Kid grew more and more impatient, his own shaft throbbed slightly. He felt a warm and tender hand in his hair again, gripping it now and then, pulling it softly. He bobbed his head up and down along the hard shaft, lubing it up more and more with his own saliva. With this he could use his hand better. The first few drops left him already and Law looked up at him with lustfilled hazy silver eyes.

"I want to feel you, Kid. Please, there is lubricant in the first drawer."

Smiling softly, Kid nodded and leaned towards it to grab the tube with the clear liquid in it. He popped the lid open and squeezed some out into his palm. Law shivered underneath him and bit his bottom lip. Slowly he opened his legs more and bend them at the knee. Kid moved towards his hole, while Law watched him closely, but when he felt the first finger pushing it's way inside, he moaned a tad louder and Kid licked his lips.

"Never thought you would sound so extremely sexy, when I fingered your sweet, tight hole."

Law shivered even more when he talked to him like that. Normally he wasn't really a fan of dirty talk, but Kid was different. He liked his voice and he loved how he talked to him. His mind blanked out again, when the other started to slightly wiggle his finger inside of him, starting to stretch him a bit. He was tensed at first and Kid had to hold still for a moment, so he could adjust to his slightly thick finger. Law relaxed more and more around his finger and got rewarded with a second one. With the addition he was both being stretched more and Kid was also teasing his prostate.

"It's so good."

Mumbling those words Law leaned more into his touch, he rubbed along the side of the redhead with one of his long, slender legs.

"Wow even your legs are so damn smooth."

Kid kissed along his neck and with some more lube to his fingers he went back with three.

"Ohhhh~"

Looking up at the soft sigh, he couldn't help himself and kissed the tip of his nose, stretching his fingers at the same time and earning

more of those sexy noises from the man underneath. After a while Kid pulled out his fingers and Law moaned loudly, sighing a moment later. But he couldn't hold back anymore.

"Do you have any?"

"Also top drawer?"

Kid leaned towards it again and rummaged a bit, until he found one of the wrappers with the needed rubber. He opened it with his teeth and rolled it up onto his hard shaft. When Law looked down and had the first glimpse of the other's hard shaft he gulped hard and his eyes widened. This was not going to fit. But the redhead leaned towards him and kissed his forehead.

"It's okay! You can make it, I'm sure. Just relax."

Some more lube found its way towards his hard shaft and got spread over it. When he felt the other's tip at his entrance he frowned and tensed unknowingly, until Kid began to massage his inner thighs.

"It's okay, Law! Really! just relax, breathe steadily."

And he began to relax again. He wasn't so sure why he was so nervous all of a sudden. He wanted it so much, mostly he wanted it to be good, so the other would like to do it with him. He wanted Kid to enjoy himself so much that he wouldn't even think to compare it to his job. Law just wanted it to be special between them.

"I'm with you."

Law made a grab for his neck, while Kid slowly entered him. Full. He had never felt so full before when he had sex with someone. Or maybe his brain was simply tricking him into thinking this. Slowly, oh so slowly, the redhead began to reach into him deeper and deeper and when he was settled completely he groaned with pleasure. The dark haired man loved the sounds the other was making and he slightly clenched his tight channel around the thick shaft for more of them. This teasing was like a sign for Kid and so he began to move softly into him.

Slow and careful at first, mostly testing and Law fisted his hair tightly. Arching his back slightly he moved against the other and moaned, when the new angel allowed Kid to thrust along his sweet spot as they both moaned and moved against each other.

"You're so good around me! So perfect!"

Law groaned loudly while moving stronger against him, gripping his hair tighter and let one hand scratch down his neck. Kid just grinned and grabbed one of Law's long legs and pushed it more towards his chest, moving harder and deeper into him. The moans and breathy sighs of the doctor grew louder with each thrust and he trembled underneath the other man. It just felt too good. Kid leaned more down on top of him and his tensed abs rubbed along his hard shaft with every movement. He felt so full and so good and at the same time he needed to come. He could feel this certain pull and knot form in his lower body.

"Kâ€| Kidâ€| Iâ€| I'm so closeâ€| "

The redhead grunted as a response and moved even harder into him. Law gripped his hair tightly and held onto him. Kid stroked along his side, gripping him hard by the hip, pushing him down into the mattress underneath him.

"Meâ€| tooâ€| "

Law clenched around his cock and his body trembled and shook in pleasure, arching his back in a perfect bow. Kid leaned down towards his face and pressed his lips onto Law's. He had already broken almost all of Wani's rules, why not this one as well?

When he kissed him deep the doctor couldn't hold back anymore and he ejaculated against Kid's warm, muscular lower body. The man above him moved harder, deeper into Law and a moment later, a few more thrusts later, he came into the rubber around his hard cock. Kid had to end the kiss a moment after Law had came against him, because both of them needed the air.

"You really areâ€| worth.. Breaking eachâ€| and everyâ€| ruleâ€| Lawâ€| "

Kid rasped against his lips, while Law wrapped his arms around his neck.

"I hope soâ€| I would love to beâ€| the reason why you break **his
**_rulesâ€| "

And with a grin Kid rested his lips against the pair of the dark haired handsome man underneath him.

He didn't care what will happen to him. He just wanted to have this with this man.

Do not **kiss** your clients! **CHECK!**

Do not get **touched** by your clients, unless they had paid for it! **CHECK!**

Do not **go home** with your clients! **CHECK!**

Do not **involve** feelings with clients! **CHECK!**

Do not **do anything** you are NOT! paid for by your clients! **CHECK!**

Wani was going to have a stroke, when he found out what he had done, but Kid didn't care. Not right now. Not while he was still inside of the soft heat of Law with his tongue in his mouth. Wani can go to hell or to his flamingo. Kid just didn't care enough at the moment. He has Law and that was important right now. Only this. Nothing else mattered to him just then and there.

~The End~

End
file.